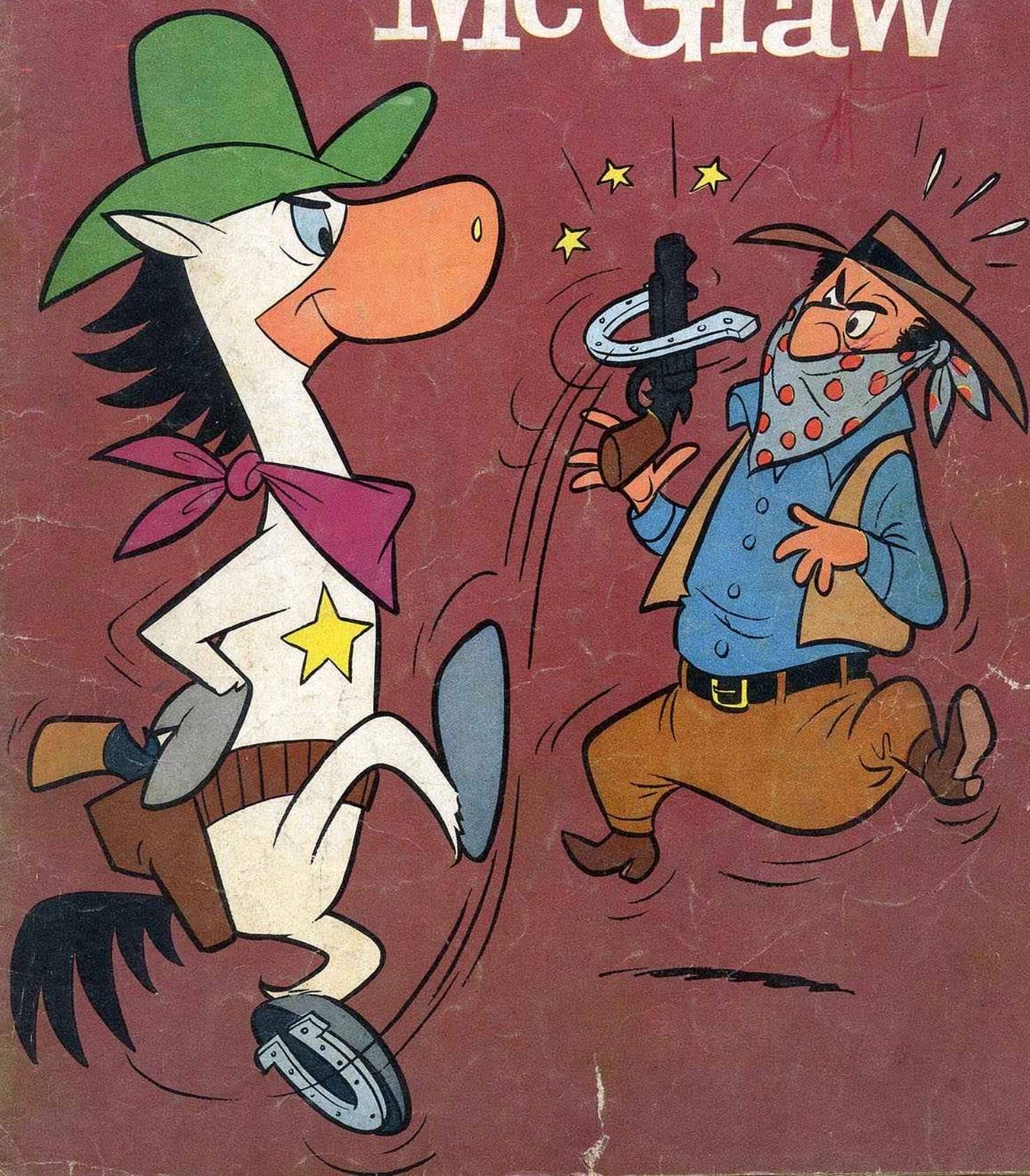


DELL

APRIL-JUNE

Still 10¢

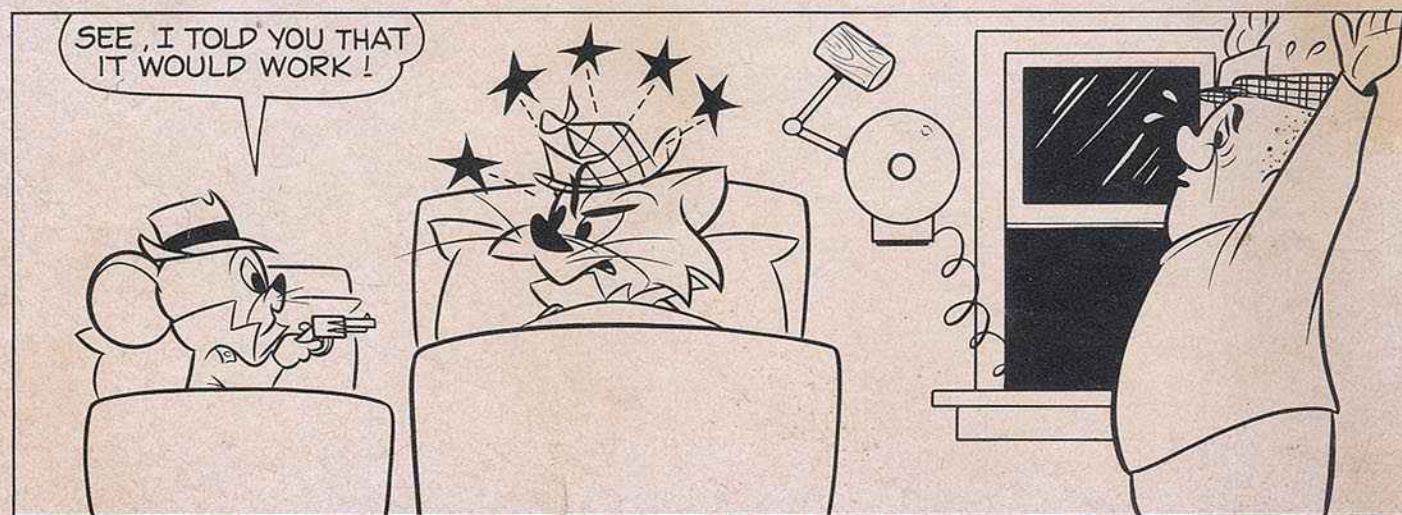
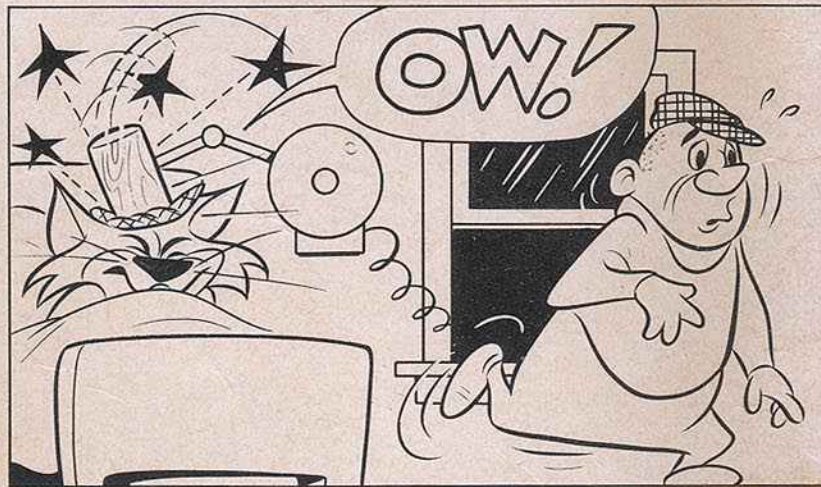
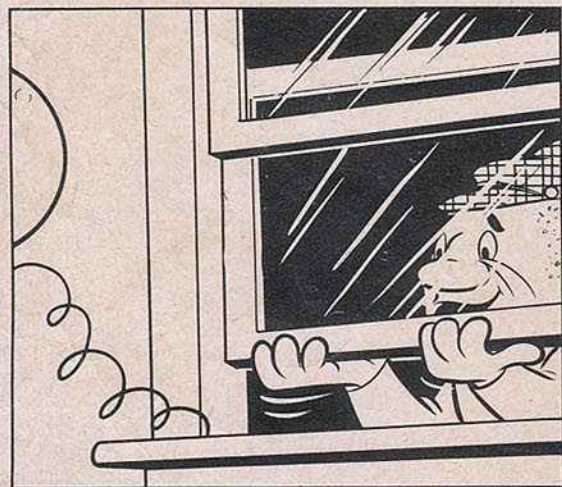
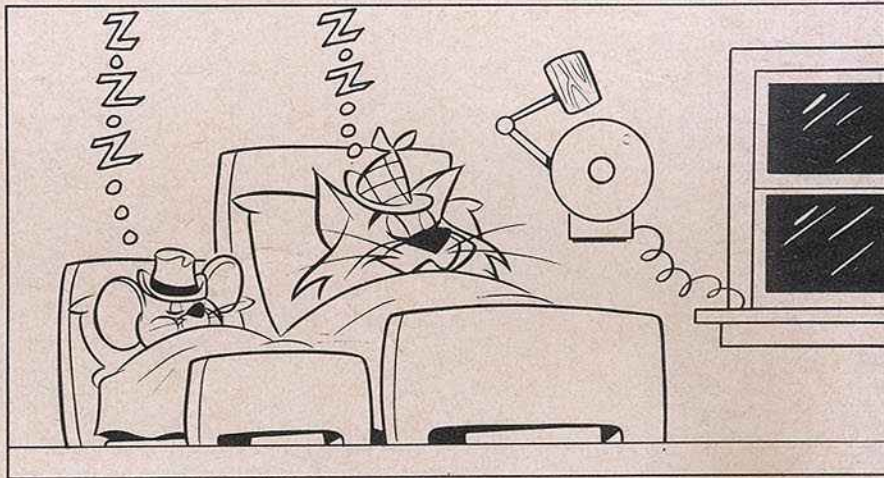
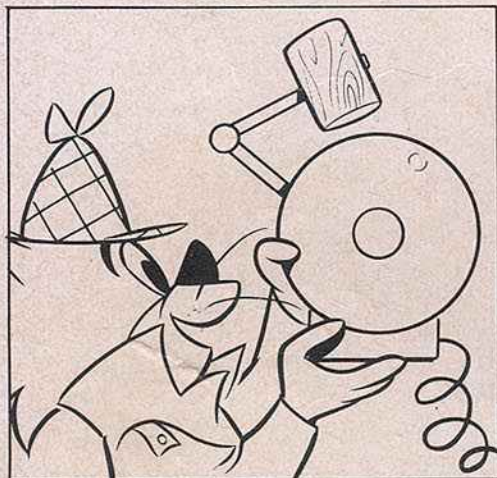
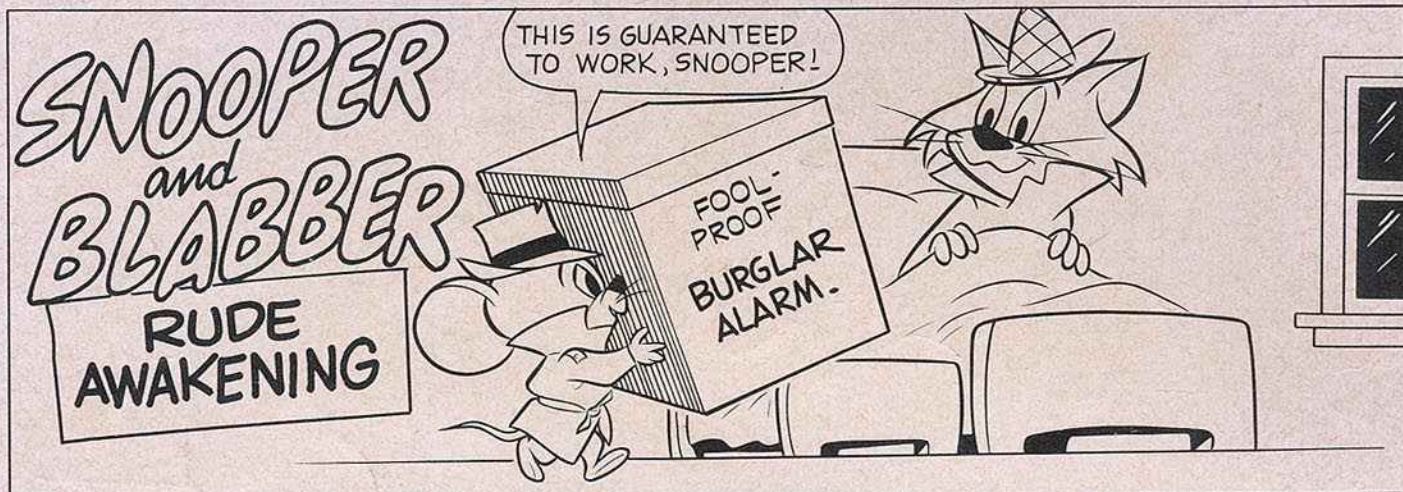
Quick Draw McGraw



SNOOPER and BLABBER

RUDE
AWAKENING

THIS IS GUARANTEED
TO WORK, SNOOPER!

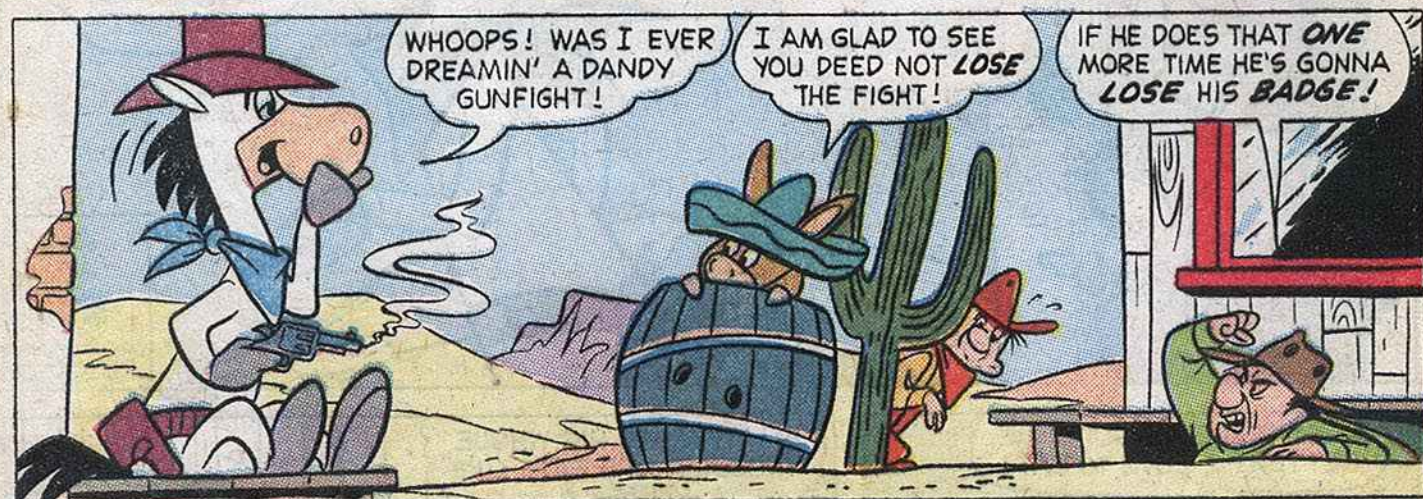


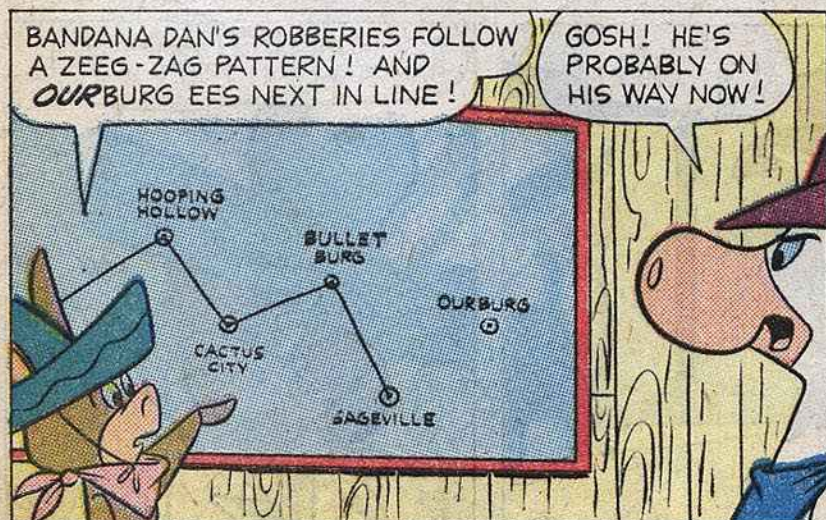
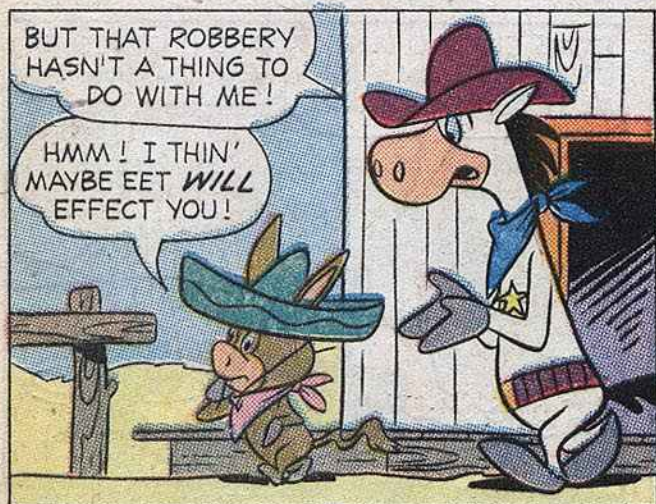
QUICK DRAW MCGRAW The SLEEPY GUNSLINGER

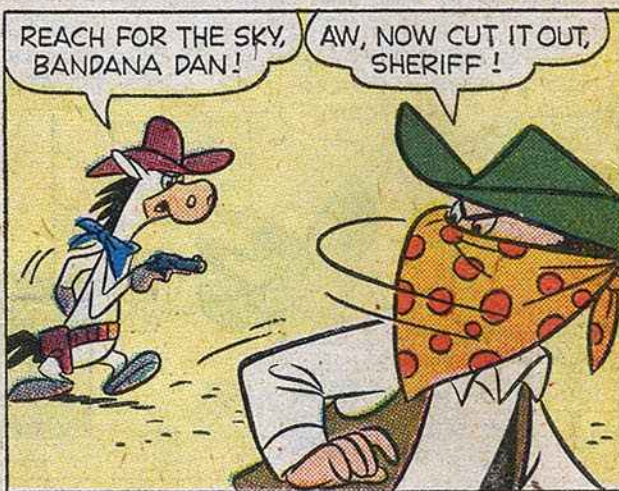
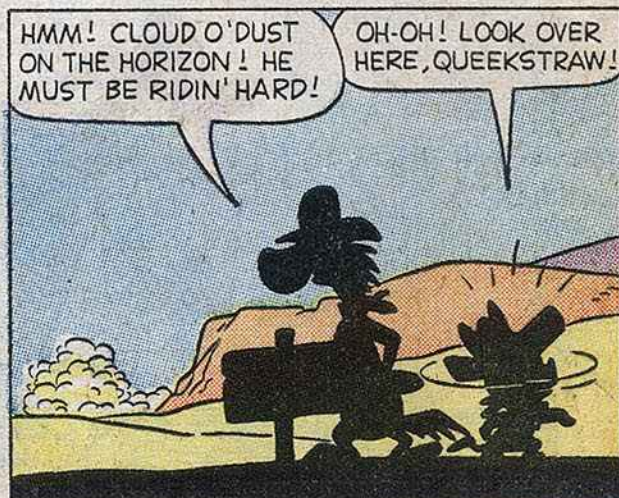
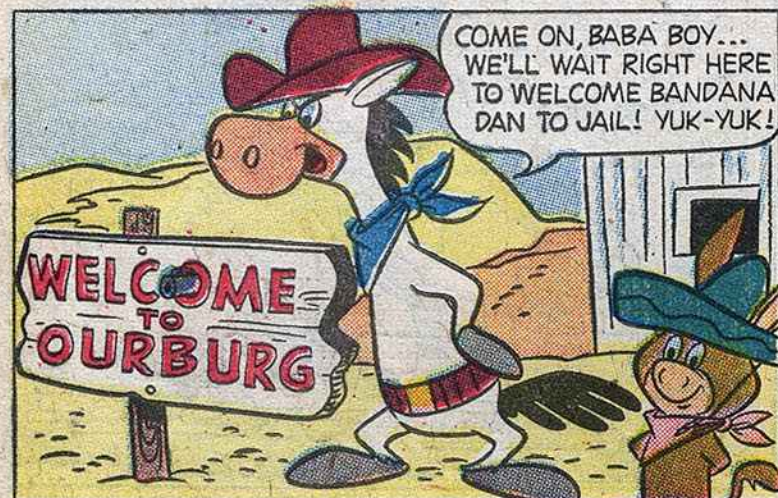


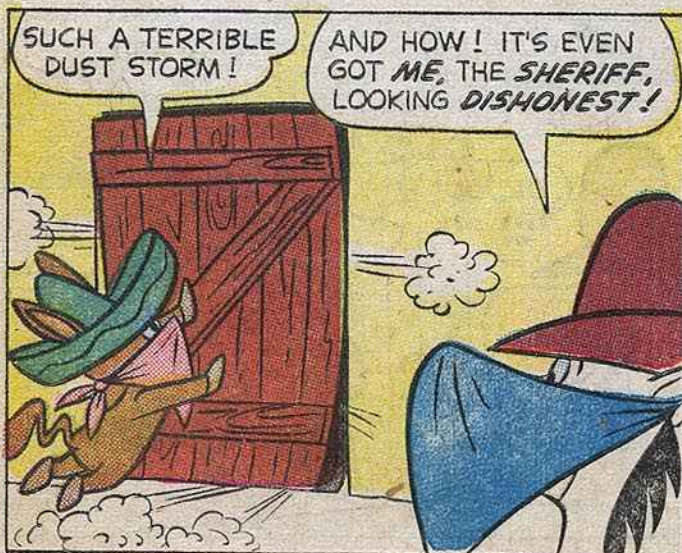
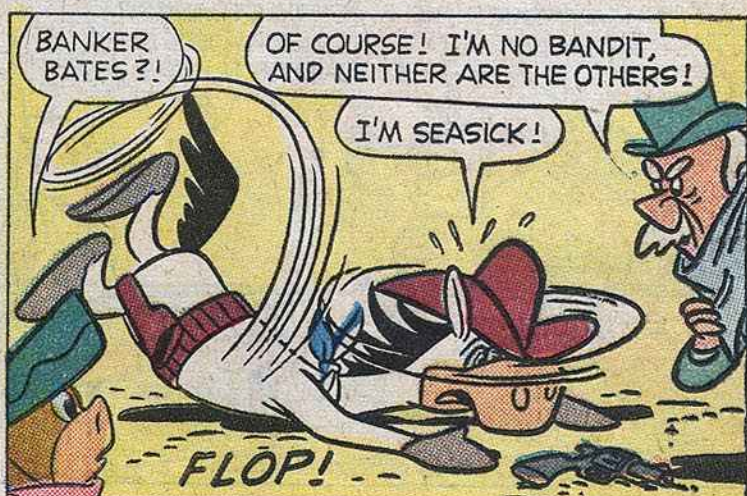
QUICK DRAW MCGRAW, No. 2, April-June, 1960. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Ave., New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-Pres.-Advertising Director; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. Application for second-class entry pending at the Post Office at New York, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions and Canada 40c per year. Subscriptions for Pan-American and foreign countries 70c per year. Dell Subscription Service: 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1960, by Hanna-Barbera Productions. misterjoel, scanner.

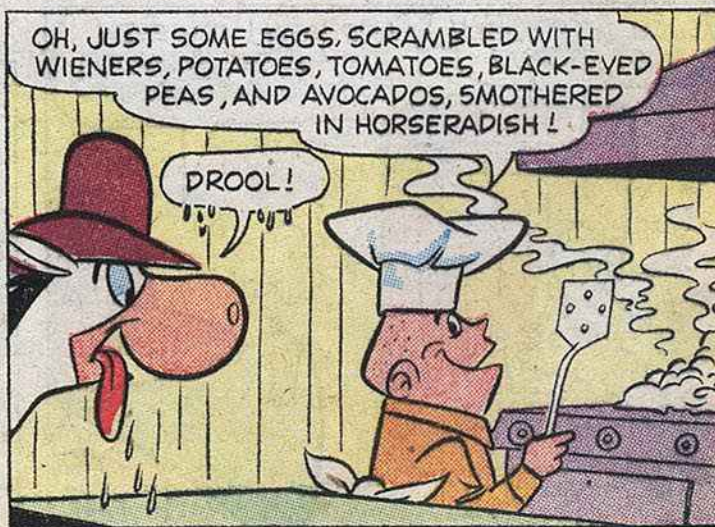
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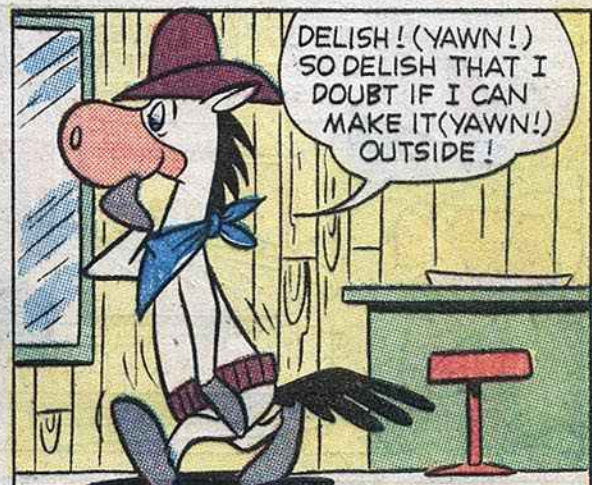


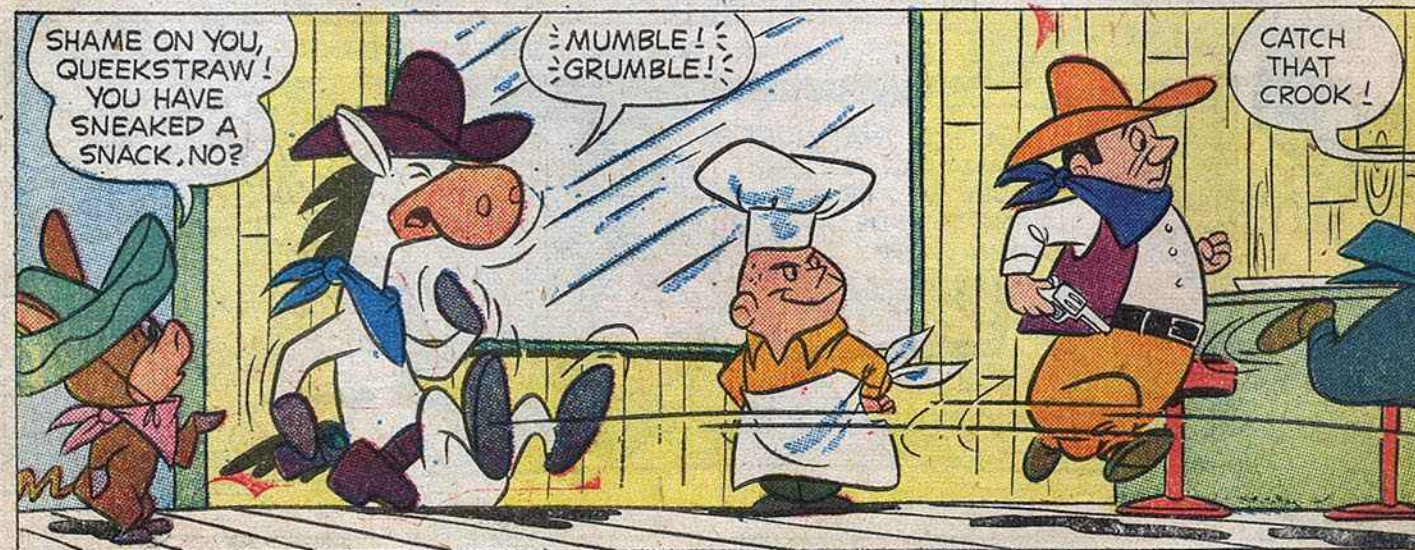
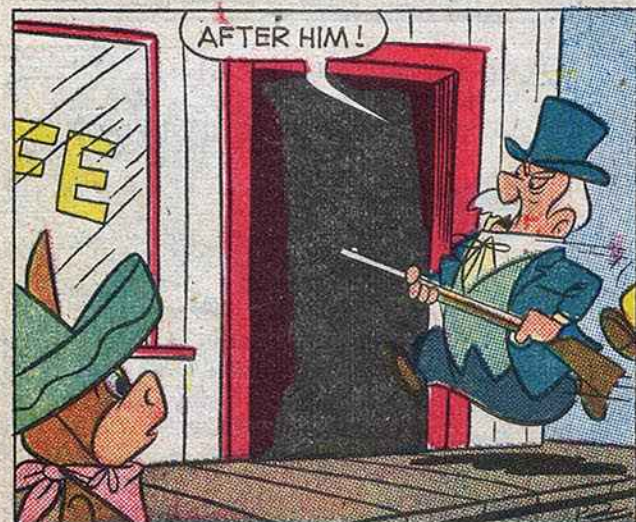




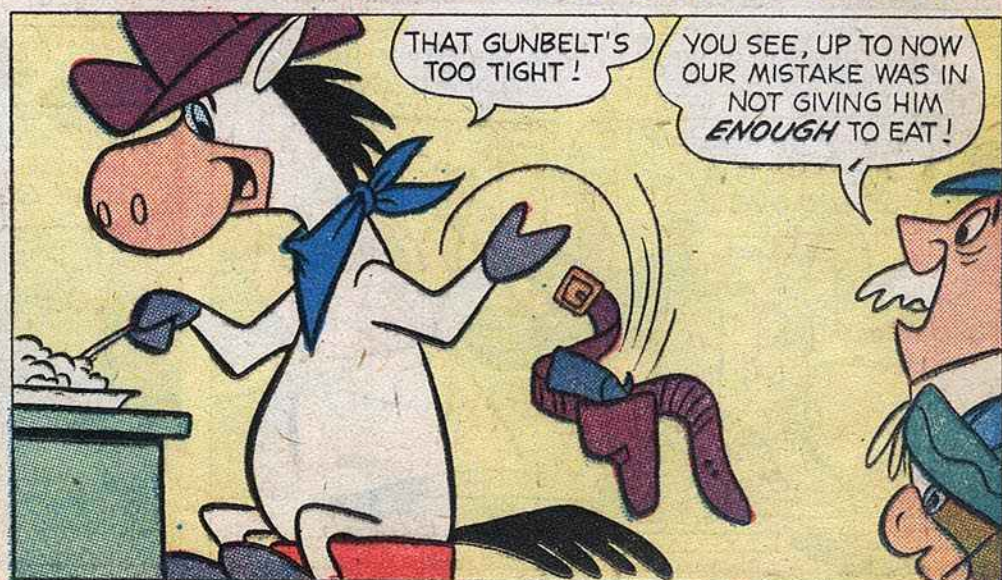
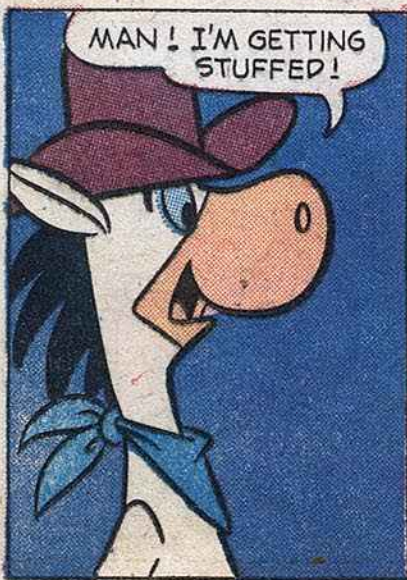
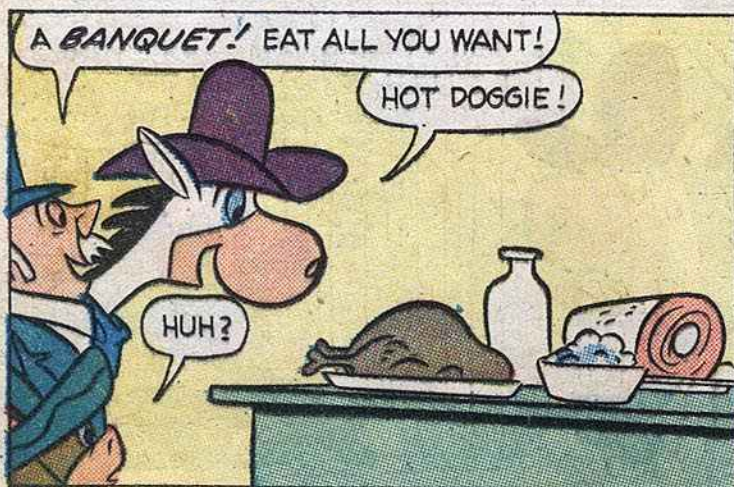
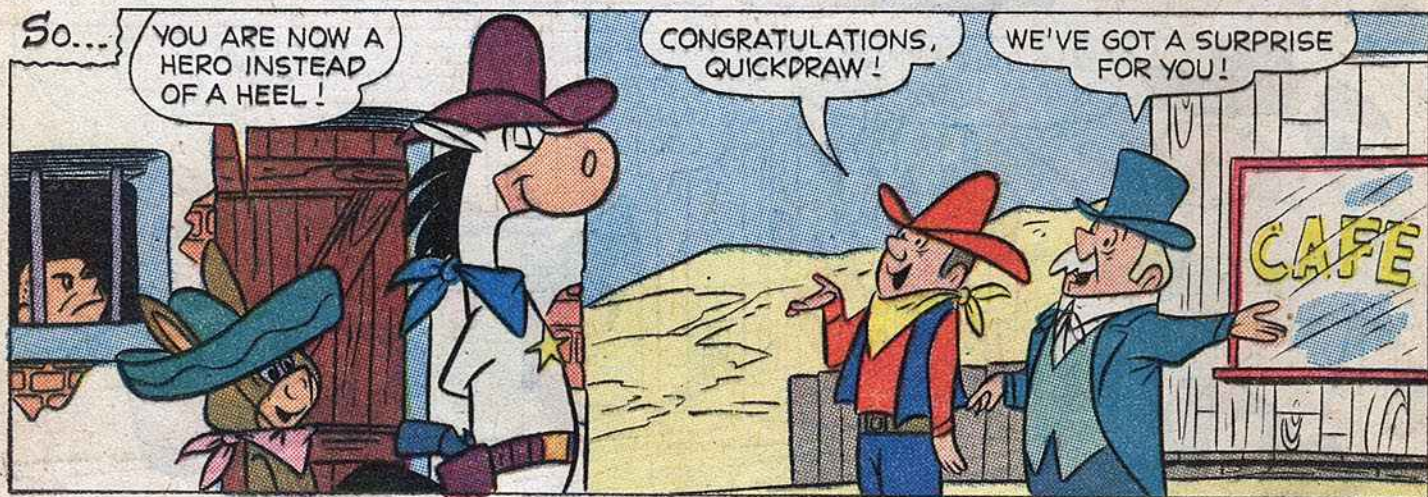
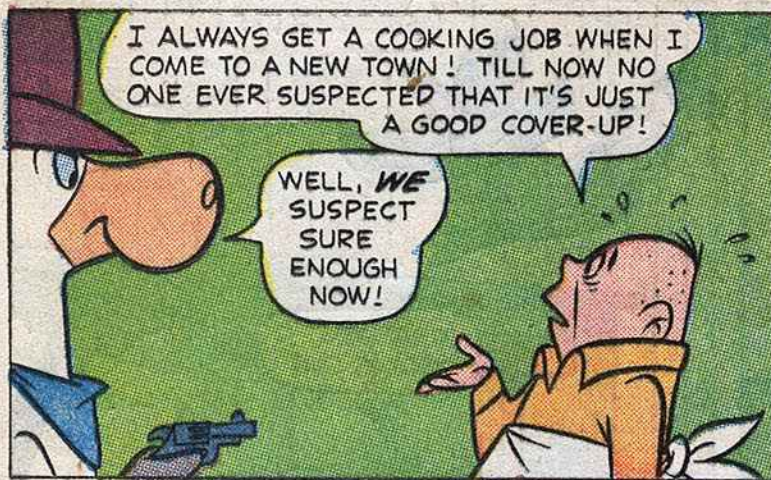






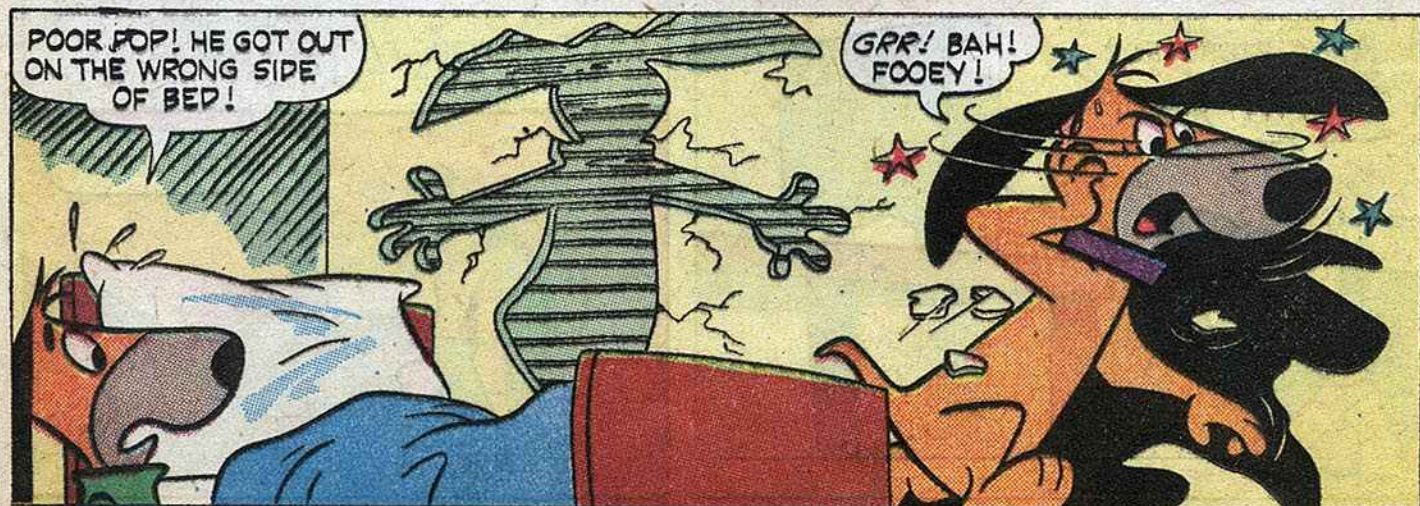
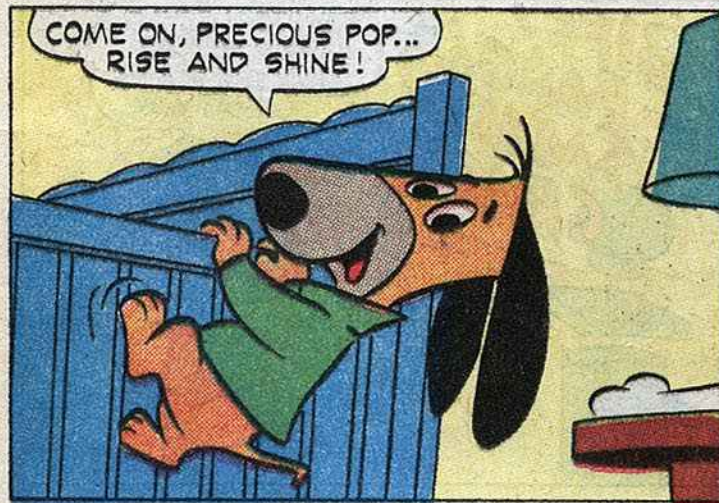
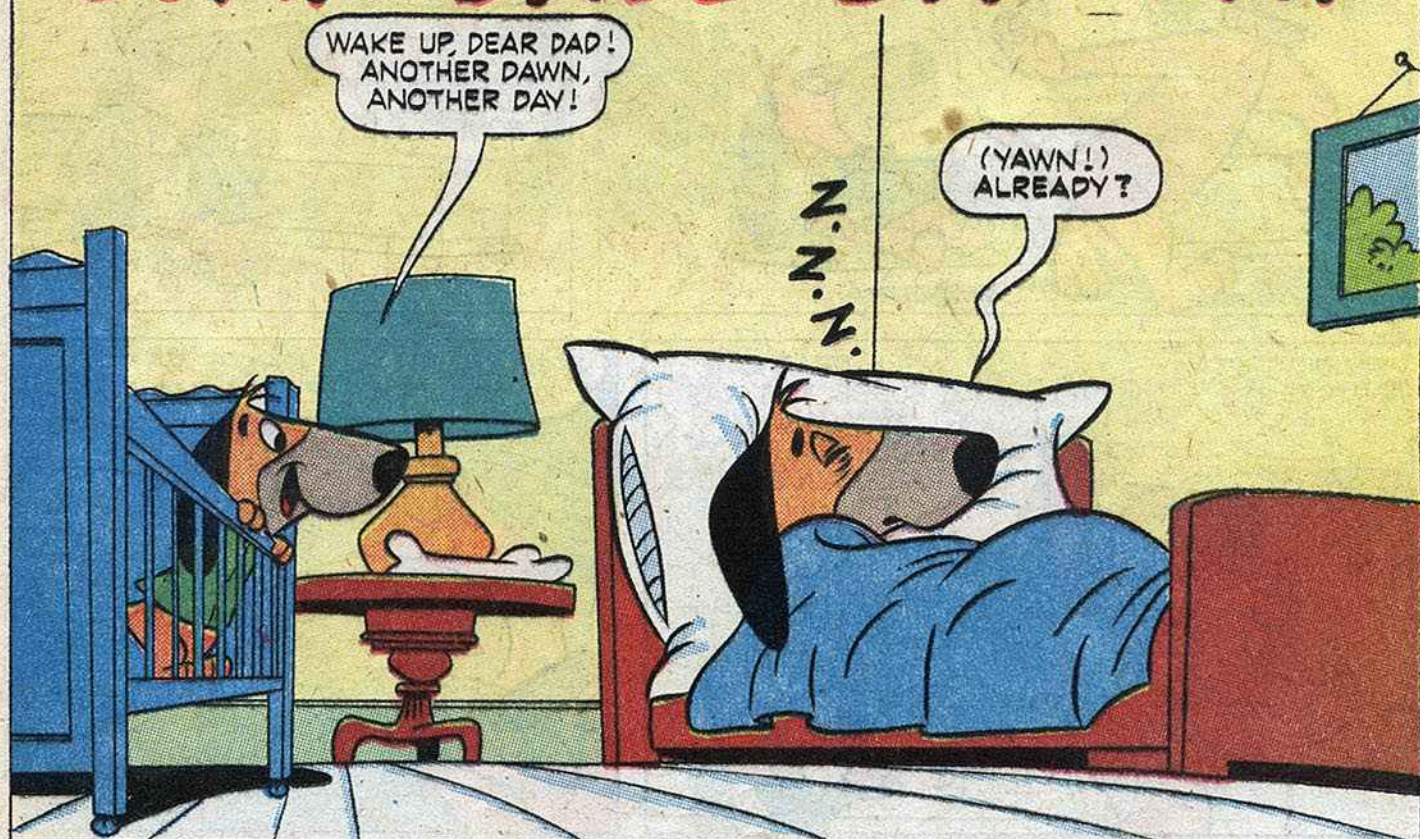


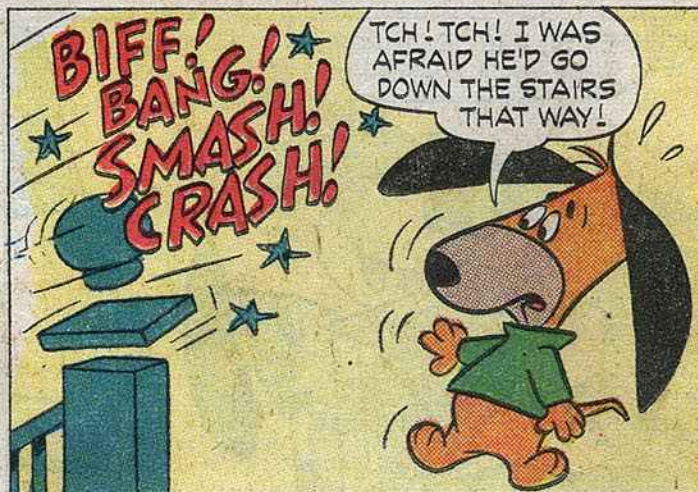


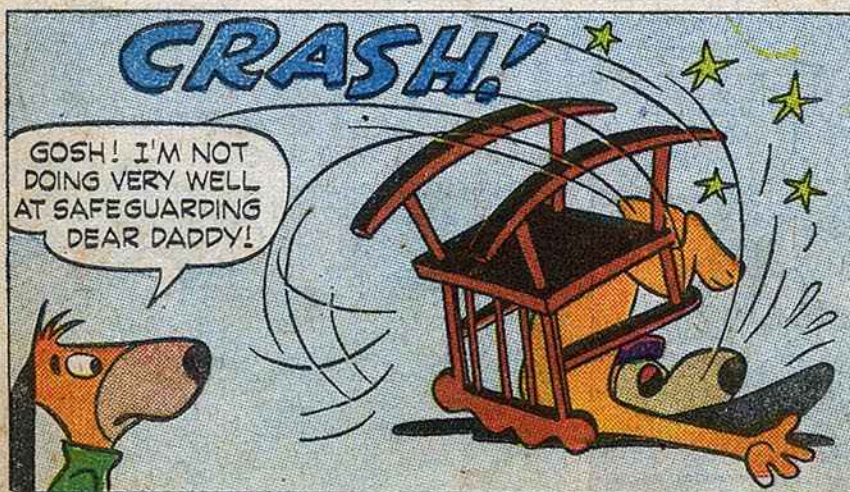


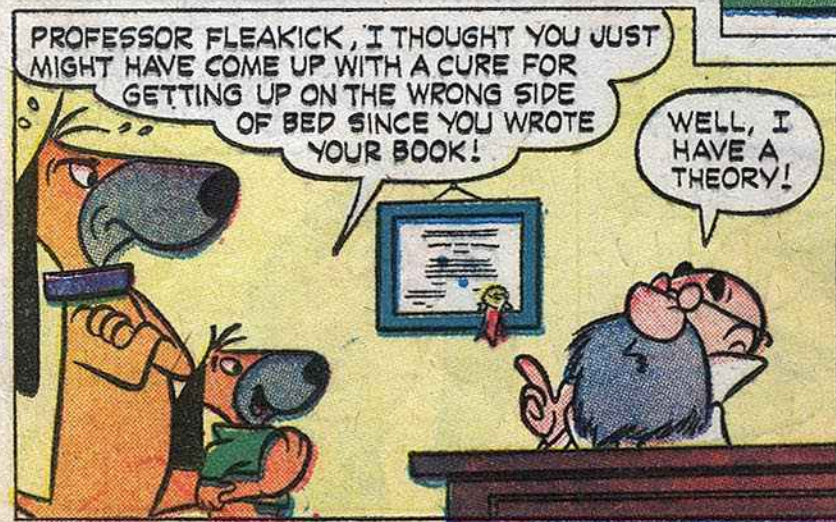
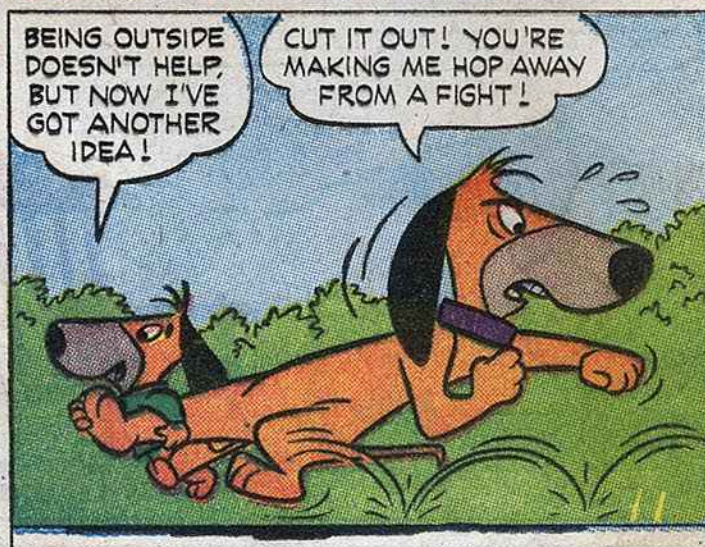
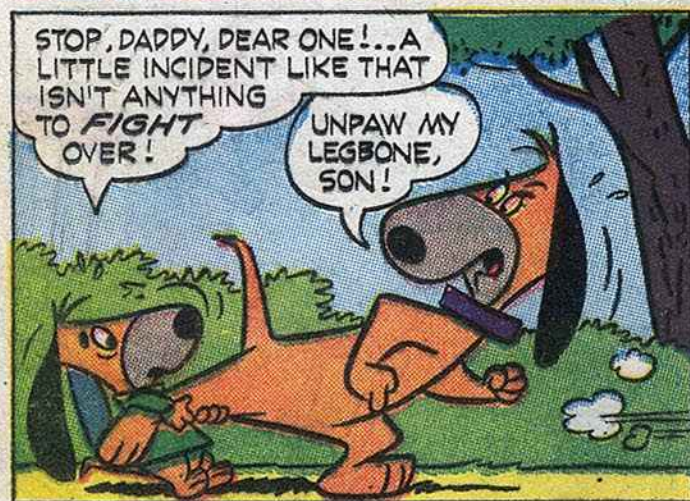
AUGIE DOGGIE

DEAR DAD'S BAD DAY







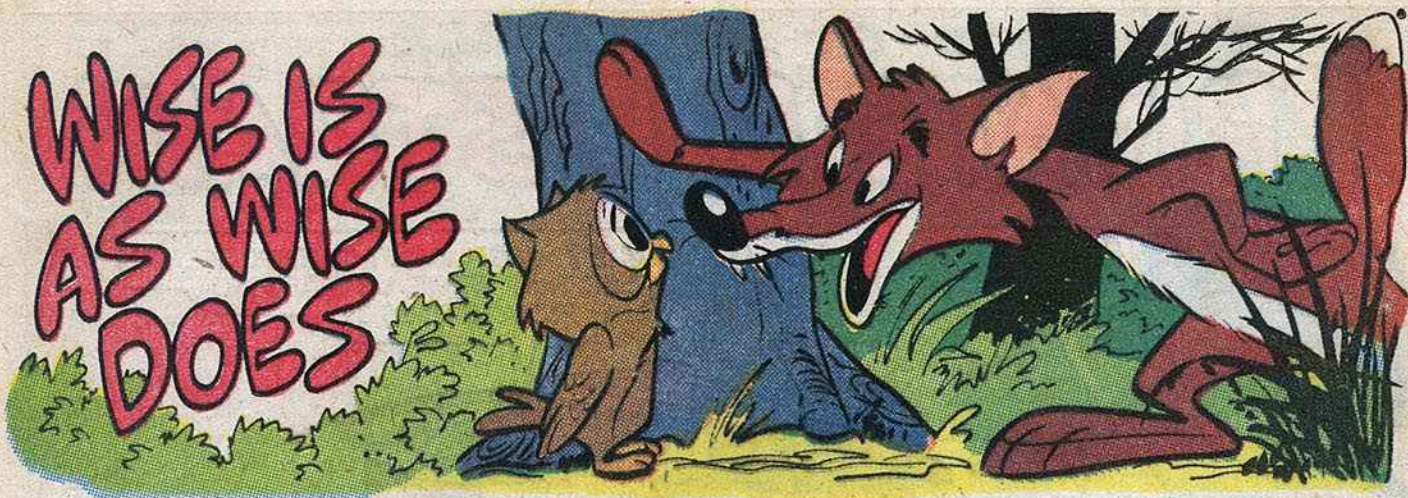








WISE IS AS WISE DOES



"Hoo-dee-dah, hoo-dee-day," Little Hoot sang as he made his way through the deep forest.

He paused by a shallow pool and gazed at his ruffled image in the water.

"You're quite a smart fellow," he said to the reflection. "But then most of us owls are. Especially we grown-ups."

Little Hoot continued on his way. Presently there came a sudden swishing noise in the bushes, and a red fox appeared as if by magic. "Hello," said the fox with a wicked grin on his face. "Who are you, and where might you be going?"

"My name is Little Hoot, son of the Wise Old Owl. I'm off to seek my fortune."

"But you're such a little fellow," said the fox. "I'll bet you can't even fly."

"Size is not what matters," replied Little Hoot. "I am an owl, and everybody knows that owls are very wise."

"My, my!" replied the still smiling fox, "you must have studied many books."

"I don't need to study to learn the ways of the world," bragged Little Hoot. "We owls are just naturally smart."

"A thousand pardons, O great one," smiled the sly fox. "Since you possess such wisdom, I am lucky to have come upon you. I have a problem that you might help me solve."

"Gladly," said Little Hoot.

"Come along then," suggested the fox. "We'll conclude our business at my place."

The pair hurried off down the trail. The fox padded silently along, while Little Hoot puffed and panted, barely able to keep up.

Presently the fox stopped. "If I may be so bold," he said, producing a paper bag from under his fur, "you should not be forced to walk. Why don't you just hop in here, and I'll carry you to my house?"

"Why, that's a splendid idea," sighed Little Hoot, jumping right into the bag.

"Ah, ha! You silly goof! My problem was that I am hungry," cried the sneaky fox. "And you've solved that already! Here you thought you were such a wise fellow."

"Oh, me," moaned Little Hoot from inside the bag. "I was not wise at all to fall for a trick like that. I must get away."

But no matter how hard he thought and thought, no escape plan would come to him.

In desperation, Little Hoot accidentally scratched the bag with his sharp talons. To his amazement, the bag tore open, being made only of paper. He quickly scrambled out and ran off down the trail.

An hour later, the frightened little owl sobbed out the story to his solemn father.

"I sure was lucky to get away from the fox," cried Little Hoot. "I'll never leave home again until I'm all grown up."

His father nodded understandingly. "As long as you have learned, then all is well."

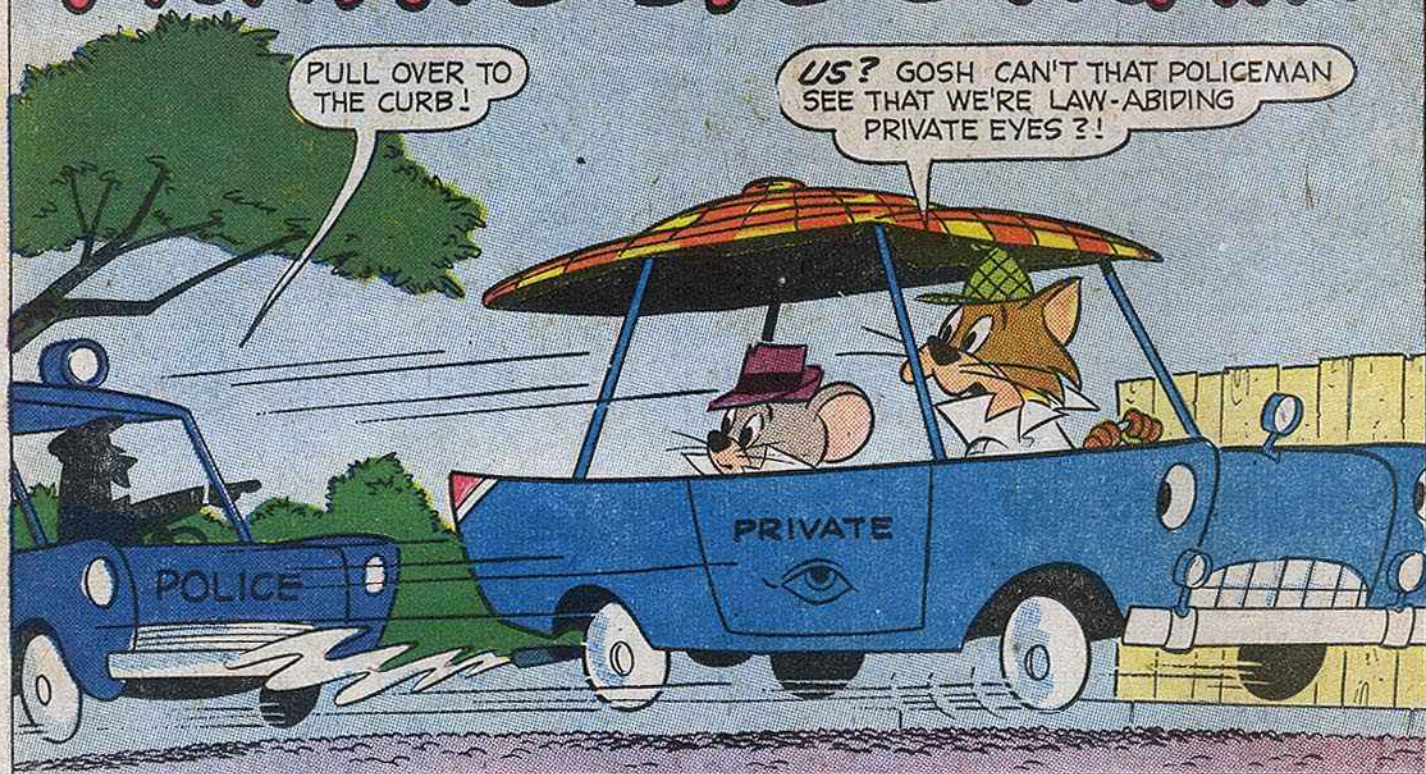
Later that night, the Wise Old Owl ventured alone into the woods. Suddenly there came a swishing noise in the bushes, and a red fox appeared as if by magic. "How is your venturesome son?" inquired the fox.

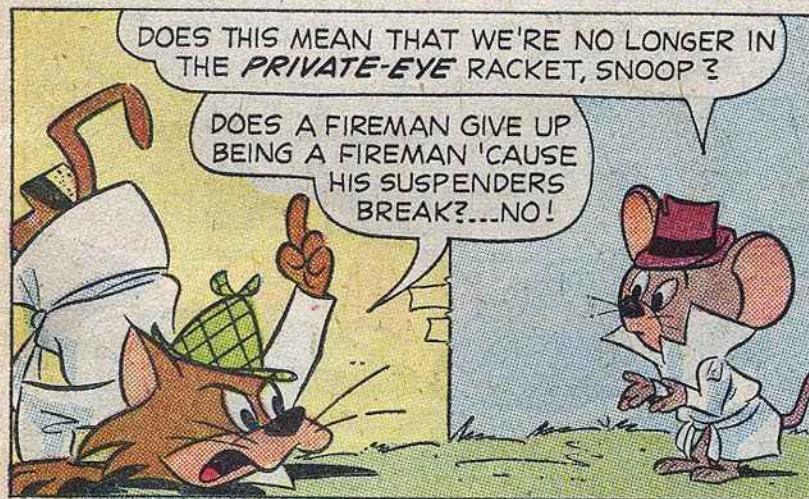
"As fine as can be," said the Wise Old Owl. "He is at home, studying his lessons."

"Then we are even," said the fox. "You once warned me of danger when hunters came into the woods, and now I have helped you teach your son a lesson. I hope he has learned it well, for the next time I spy him in the woods, I shall try to eat him up."

"Have no fear, Mr. Fox," chuckled the Wise Old Owl. "Now that Little Hoot knows that he is not as smart as he thought, I'm sure he'll never give you the chance."

SNOOPER and BLABBER PRIVATE-EYE STRAIN







SA-A-AY, MAYBE YOU TWO ARE THE PHONY PRIVATE EYES THAT I'M LOOKING FOR! YOU'RE ACTING MIGHTY ODD!

(GULP!) WE FEEL AWFUL ODD, TOO!



HALT! COME BACK!

RUNNING'S A SIGN OF GUILT, SNOOP!

WE'D LOOK EVEN GUILTIER IN JAIL!



THE POLICEMAN'S FOLLOWING US!

AND OUR CAR IS EASY TO SPOT AMIDST OTHER CARS WITH THIS SHERLOCK TOP!



SO WE'LL PARK OUR CAR WHERE IT WON'T BE NOTICEABLE!

GOSH, SNOOP, IT'LL STICK OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB JUST ANYPLACE!



HEH! WE JUST BLEND INTO THE UMBRELLAS HERE AT THE BEACH!

DOGGONE! THEY GAVE ME THE SLIP!



BUT WE CAN'T BLEND INTO THE BACKGROUND FOREVER!

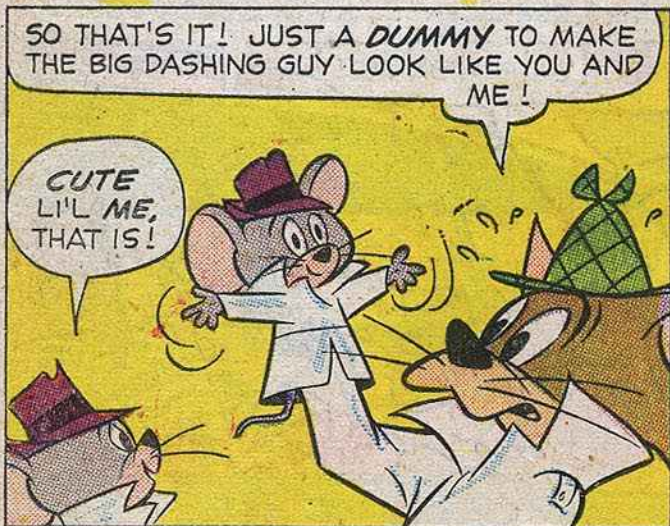
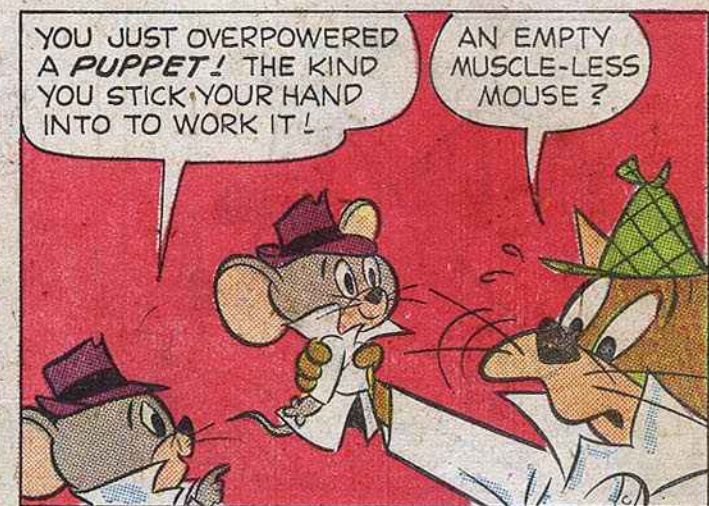
ROGER, BLAB! WE'LL HAVE TO DO LOTS OF FOOTWORK TO TRACK DOWN OUR IMPOSTORS!



So... (WHEW!) IT'S A BIG TOWN TO COVER ON ACHING FOOTIES!

TRUE, BUT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! THE IMPOSTOR PRIVATE EYES HAVE AN EASY-TO-SPOT CAR LIKE OURS, REMEMBER!

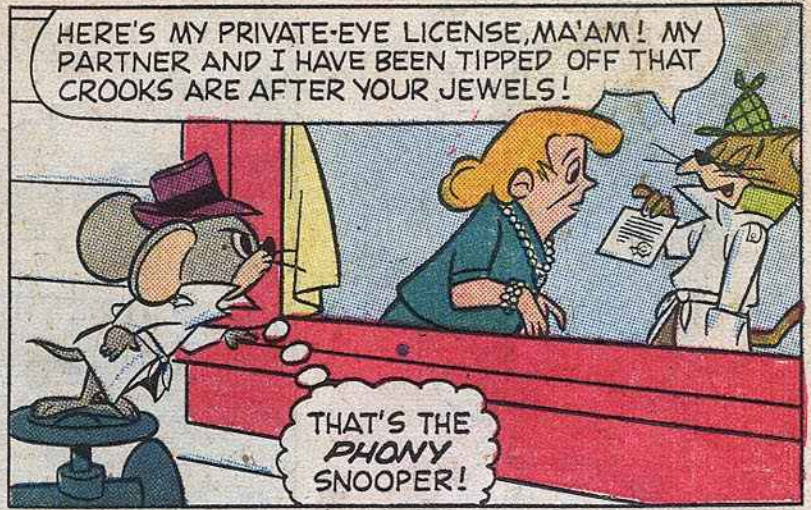




WELL, HE'S NOT GONNA DO THIS ONE ALONE! IF THIS GETS IN THE NEWSPAPERS I WANT TO BE IN ON IT, TOO!



HERE'S MY PRIVATE-EYE LICENSE, MA'AM! MY PARTNER AND I HAVE BEEN TIPPED OFF THAT CROOKS ARE AFTER YOUR JEWELS!



IF YOU HIRE US WE'LL...HEH,HEH... TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR JEWELS...

OH, YEAH?



STICK 'EM UP, YOU HANDSOME IMPERSONATOR!



I'LL STICK YOU UP, YOU FRAUD!

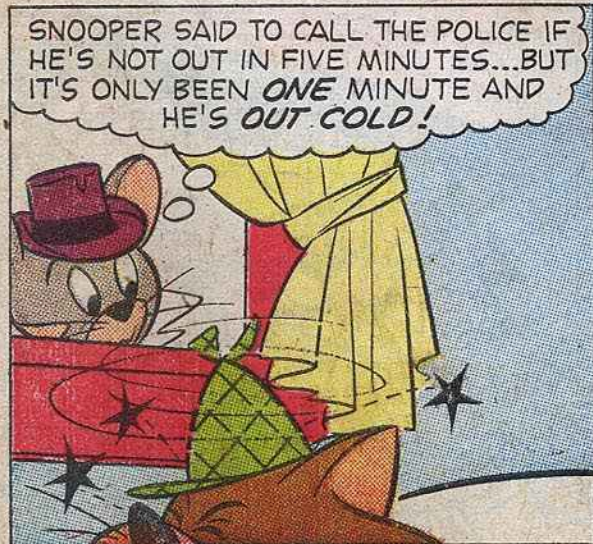
EEEK!



GOLLY! THE PHONY SNOOPER USED JUDO ON MY SNOOPER!

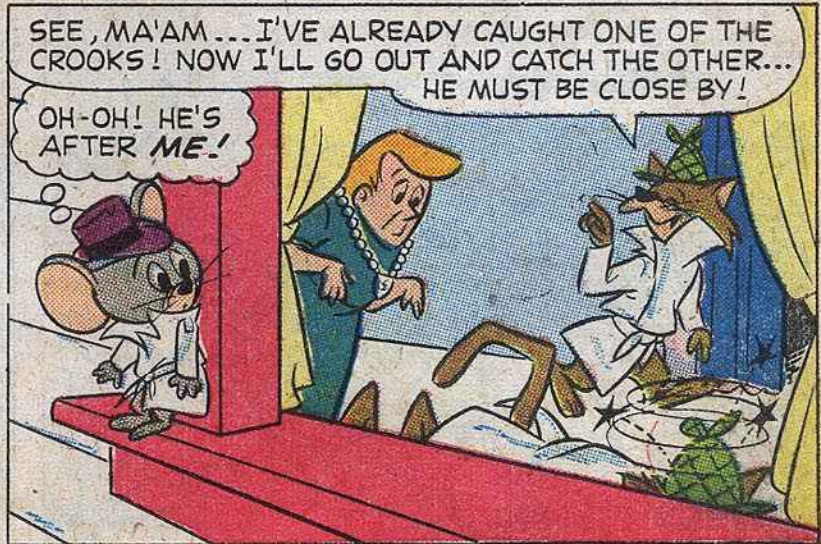


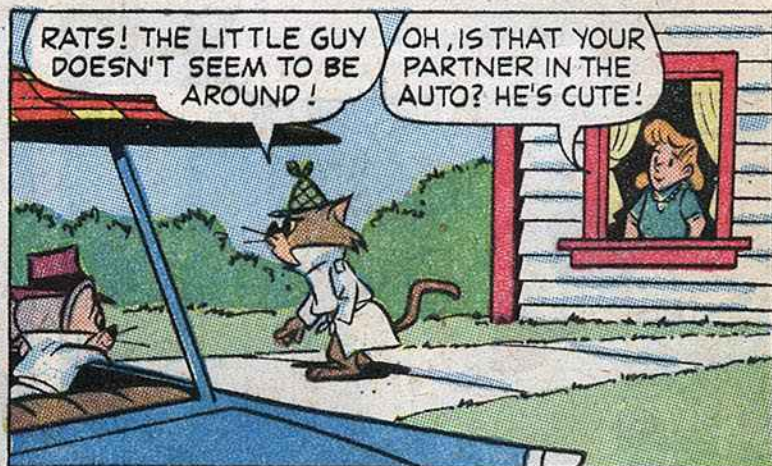
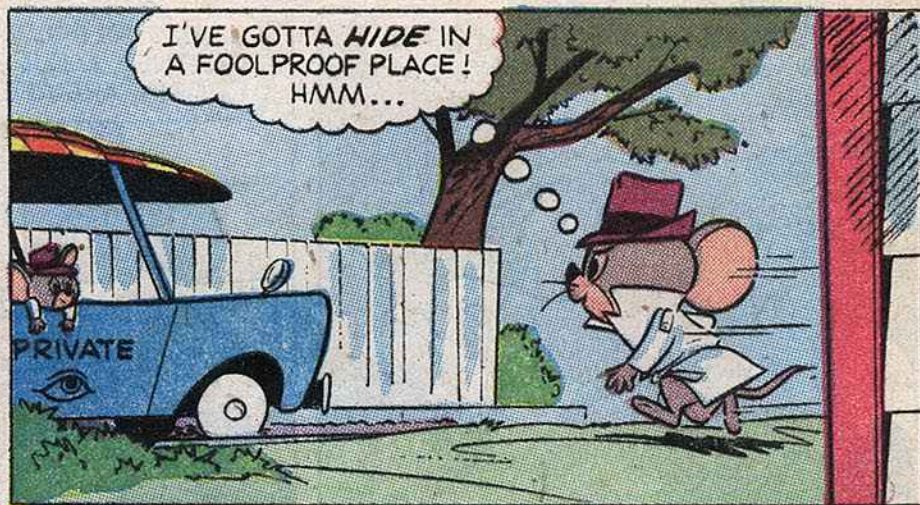
SNOOPER SAID TO CALL THE POLICE IF HE'S NOT OUT IN FIVE MINUTES...BUT IT'S ONLY BEEN *ONE* MINUTE AND HE'S *OUT COLD*!

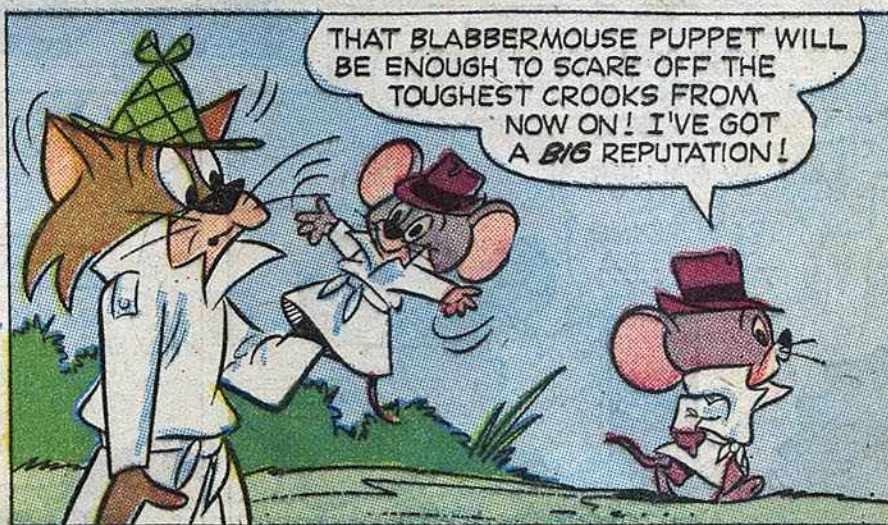
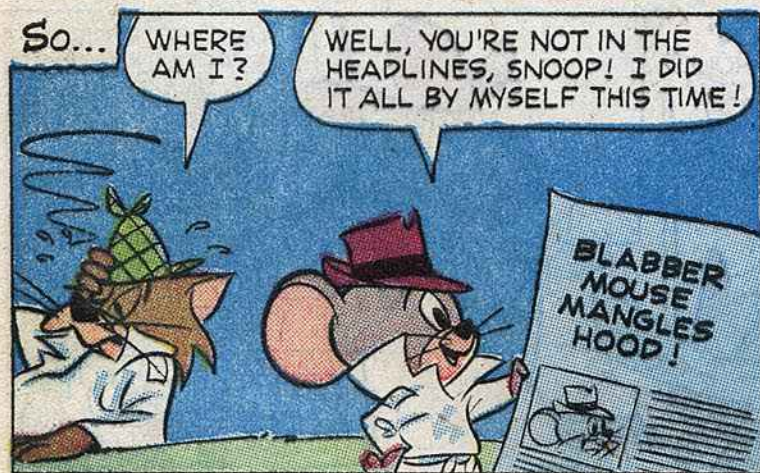
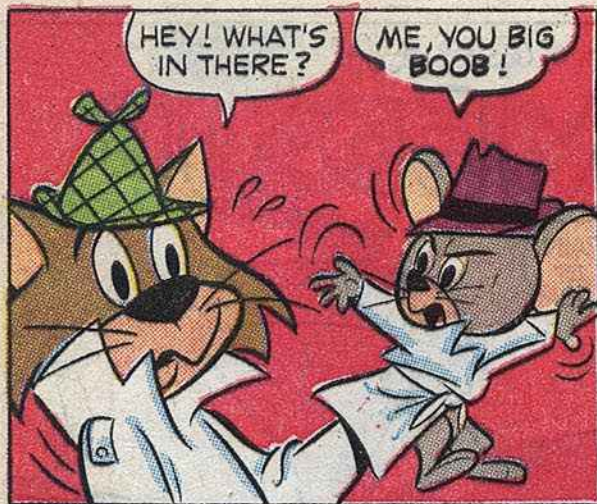


SEE, MA'AM...I'VE ALREADY CAUGHT ONE OF THE CROOKS! NOW I'LL GO OUT AND CATCH THE OTHER... HE MUST BE CLOSE BY!

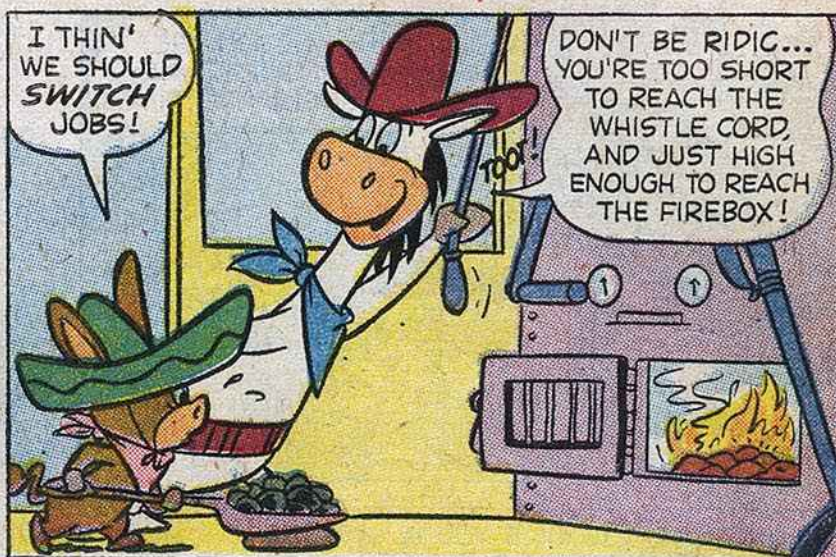
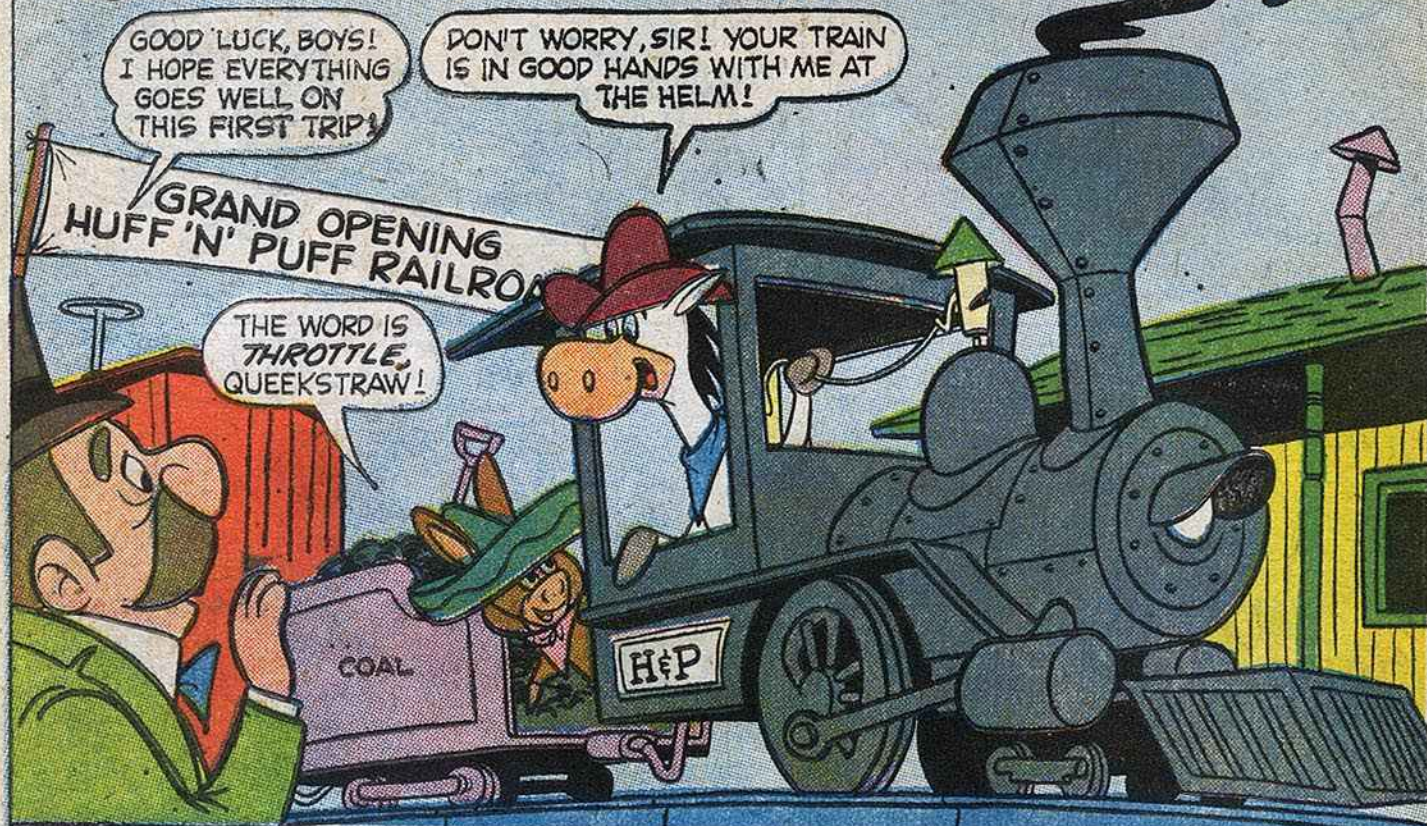
OH-OH! HE'S AFTER ME!

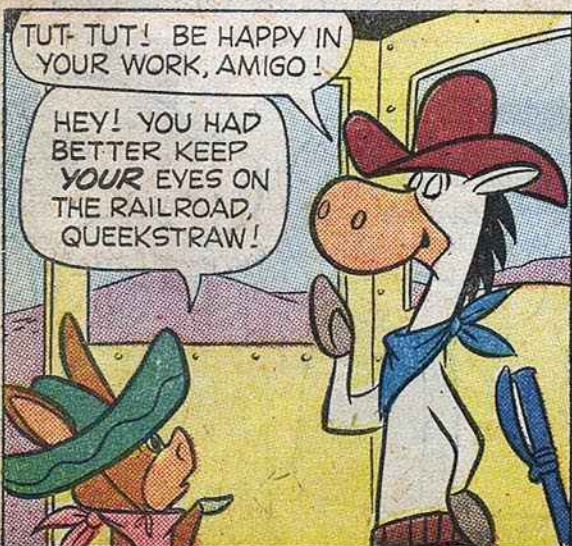
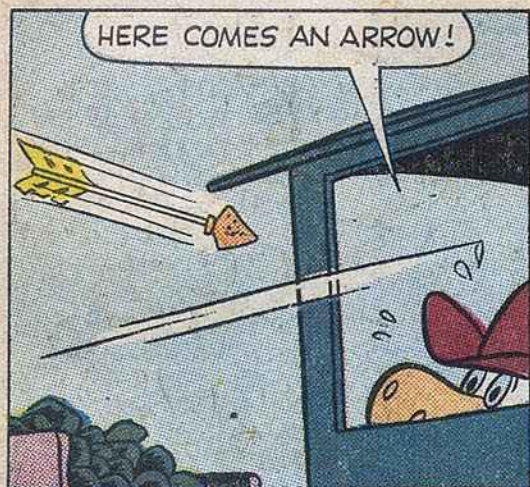






QUICK DRAW MCGRAW ALL STEAMED UP

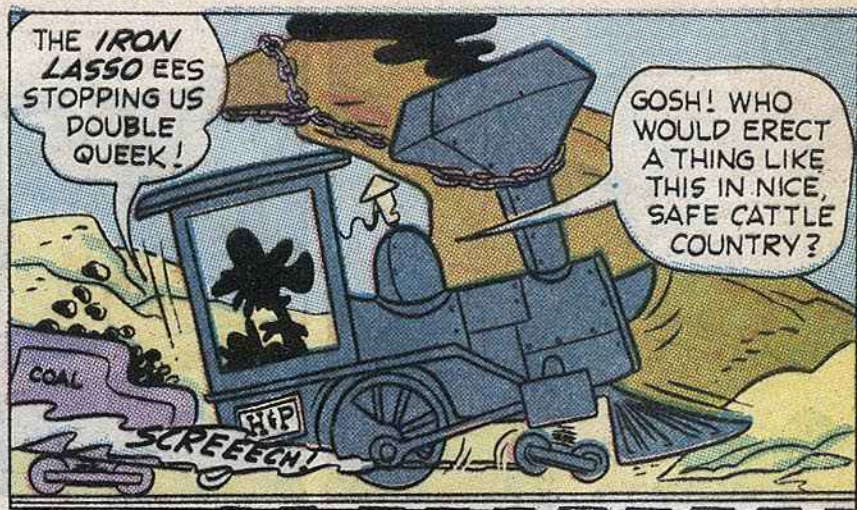






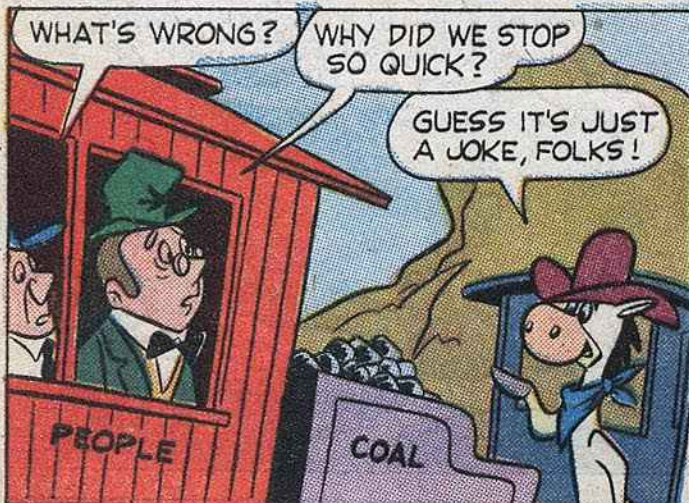
DON' WORRY ABOUT STOPPING, QUEEKSTRAW...

CLANG!



THE *IRON LASSO* EES STOPPING US DOUBLE QUEEK!

GOSH! WHO WOULD ERECT A THING LIKE THIS IN NICE, SAFE CATTLE COUNTRY?



WHAT'S WRONG?

WHY DID WE STOP SO QUICK?

GUESS IT'S JUST A JOKE, FOLKS!



MUST BE SOME PRANKSTER ABOUT! I'LL UNDO THE *IRON LASSO* AND...



BANG! BANG!

YOWP! AN AMBUSH!

HEAD FOR COVER, QUEEKSTRAW!



HAH! THE AMBUSER WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE ME IN THIS SMOKESTACK SMOKE SCREEN!



I'LL JUST HOLD MY BREATH AND RETURN HIS FIRE!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

STOP! I GEEVE UP!



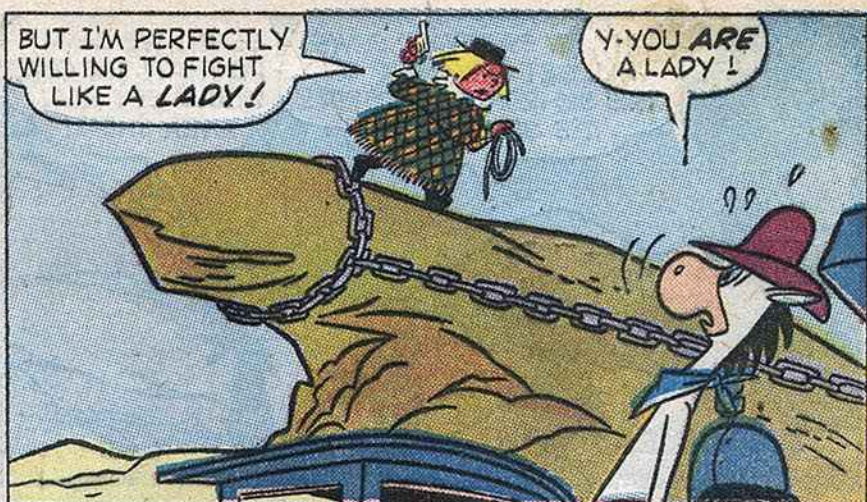
BABA LOOEY! WHY'RE *YOU* GIVIN' UP?

BECAUSE YOU WERE PEPPERING THE *ENGINE CAB* WEETH BULLETS, YOU SMOKEY MENACE!



COME OUT IN THE OPEN AND FIGHT LIKE A **MAN**, YOU COYOTE!

I **CAN'T** DO THAT, YOU COYOTE...



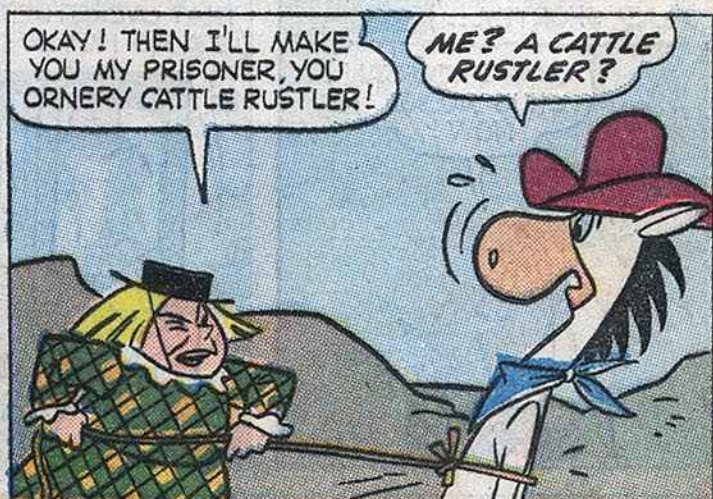
BUT I'M PERFECTLY WILLING TO FIGHT LIKE A **LADY**!

Y-YOU ARE A LADY!



BRENDA BRAND IS MY HANDLE...OWNER OF THE DOUBLE-B RANCH!

GOSH! IT'D BE UNGENTLEMANLY TO HAVE A GUNFIGHT WITH A LADY!



OKAY! THEN I'LL MAKE YOU MY PRISONER, YOU ORNERY CATTLE RUSTLER!

ME? A CATTLE RUSTLER?



DON'T MAKE OUT TO BE SO INNOCENT! I WAS TIPPED OFF THAT YOU'D BE ON THE FRONT END OF THE TRAIN WHEN IT CAME!

SOMEBODY TOLD YOU A FIB, MA'AM!



UH-UH! A VERY RELIABLE VARMINT TOLD ME THAT THE TRAIN WOULD HAVE A **BIG COWCATCHER** UP FRONT!

COWCATCHER? YUK! YUK! IT'S ALL A BIG MISUNDERSTANDING!



SEE, SEÑORA! A **COWCATCHER** EES A NAME FOR THEES BIG IRON BUMPER!

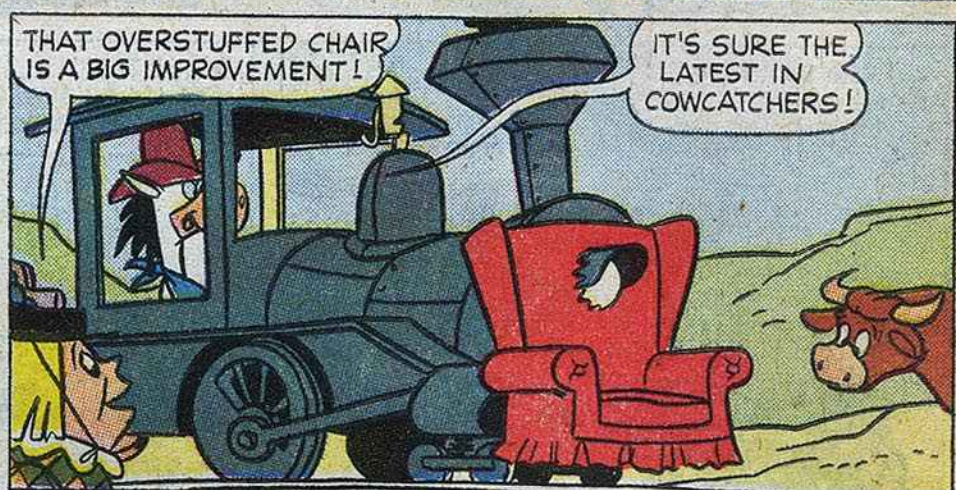
IT'S CALLED A COWCATCHER 'CAUSE IT SCOOPS UP COWS OR BUMPS 'EM OFF THE TRACK IF THEY GET IN THE WAY!



WHY, YOU CRUEL, COLD-BLOODED CRITTERS, YOU!

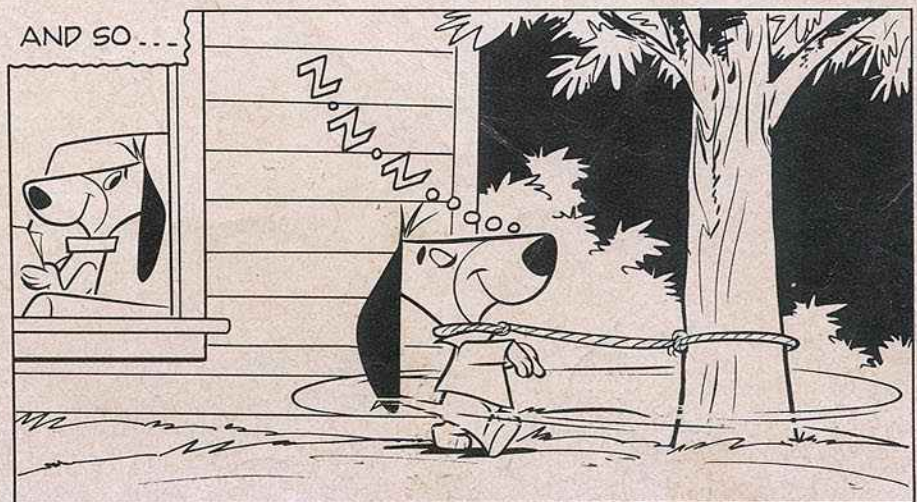
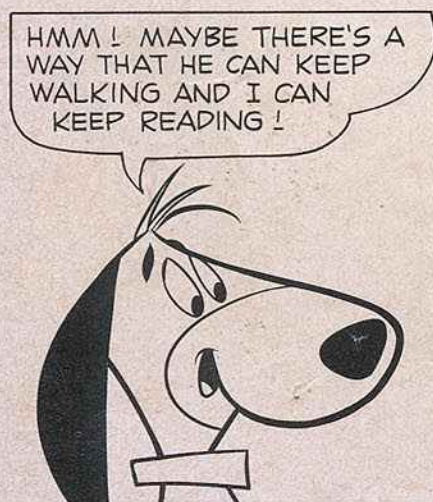
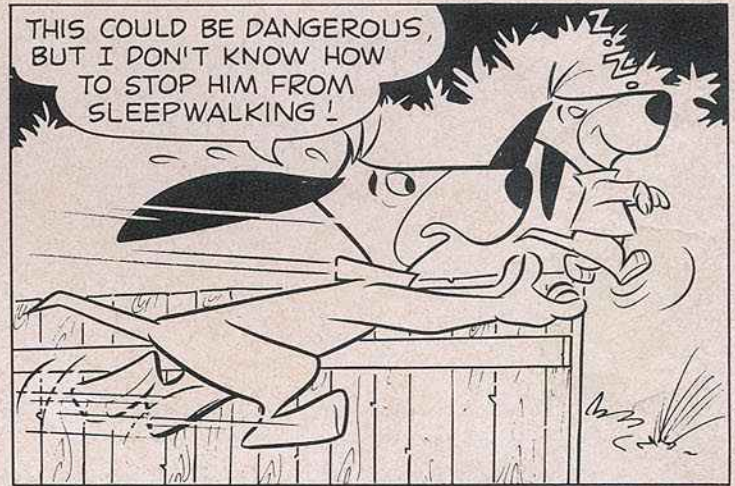
EEEK! NOW WHAT'S WRONG?

BAM! BAM!



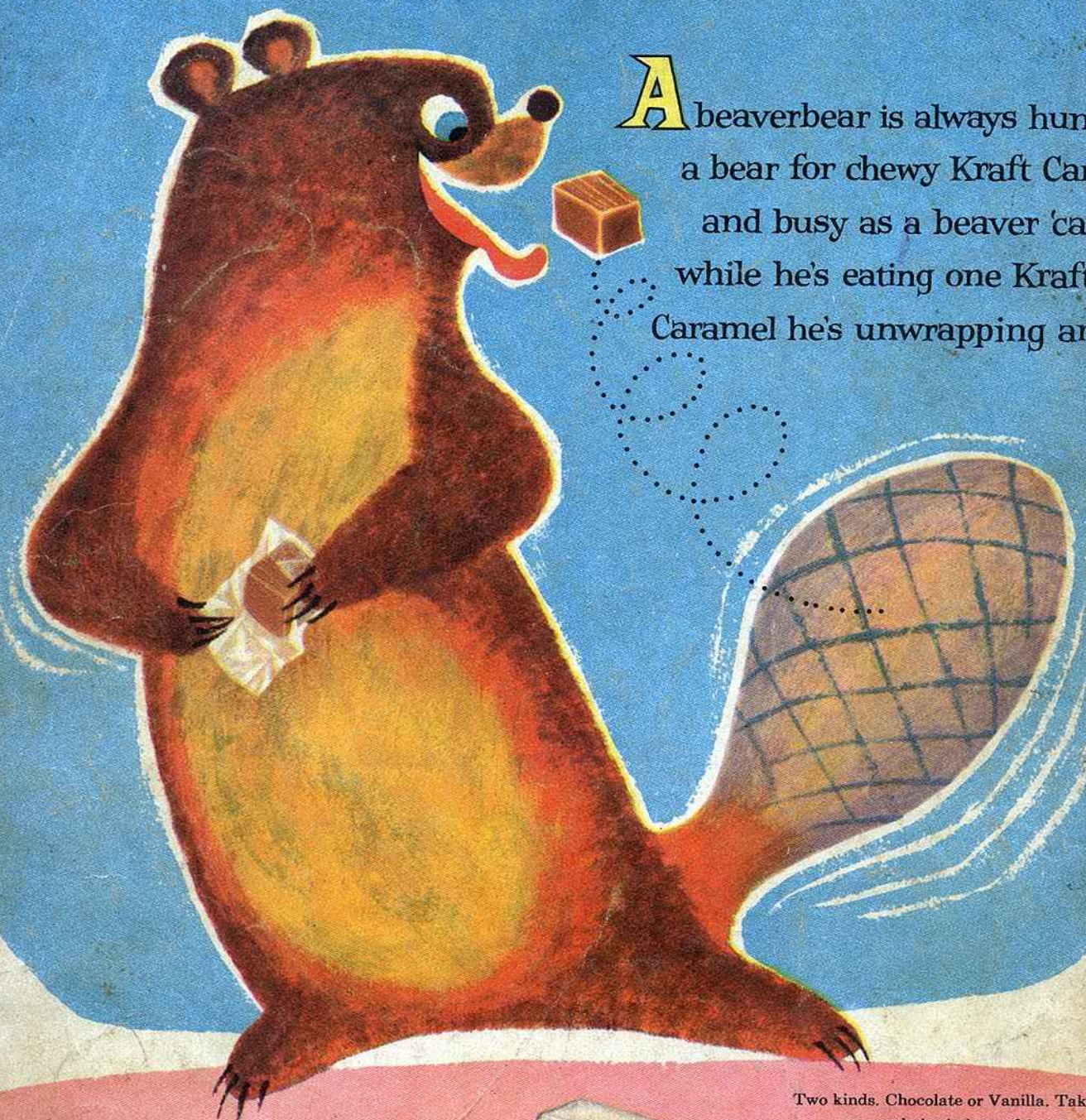
A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS
COMIC

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This is a Beaverbear

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